

10 CENTS.

THE TRUNK IS FILLED WITH GOOD THINGS—  
SO ARE THE INSIDE PAGES OF THIS NUMBER!  
—♦♦♦♦♦TAKE A PREP!♦♦♦♦♦

10 CENTS.

# THE STANDARD

V. L. XXI—No. 854.

NEW YORK—APRIL 7, 1960—LONDON

PRICE TEN CENTS.



"HANDLE WITH CARE—THIS SIDE UP."

WHEN THE TRUNK WAS DELIVERED AT THE APARTMENTS OF A NEW YORK CLUBMAN HE GOT SO BRIGHTENED THAT HE RAN SHRIEKING OUT INTO THE STREET AND HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE. HORRIBLE, WASN'T IT? TRULY, MEN ARE BUT CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH, AND SOME OF THEM CANNOT QUITE FORGET THE DAYS WHEN JACKS POPPED OUT OF THE BOX AND MADE YACHS AT THEM. WHAT WOULD YOU DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES?



# THE STANDARD

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## AS WE SEE IT

Miss Mauda Hedgeman, a West Hobokenese, is only seventeen years old, but she has already been married forty-two times. Nay, reader, do not be startled. It was at a dance conducted by the Hudson Gemeindebeuren Society where Mauda went through the ordeal. The marriages were performed in fun, not in Heaven. But just



Photo by Chickering.  
**JOHN T. SULLIVAN.**  
 A member of "The Great Ruby" company, now at the Fourteenth Street Theater. He is the husband of Rose Coglian, the star of the same organization.



**NELLIE BUTLER.**  
 One of the entertainers in Charles Frohman's "Coralie & Co" at the Madison Square Theater.



Photo by Sarony.  
**BLANCHE BATES**  
 Has scored another artistic triumph in the leading role of "Madame Butterfly," which is being presented as an after piece to David Belasco's "Naughty Anthony."

imagine the feelings of Husband No. Forty-Two!

The workmen employed by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in digging an artificial lake on her estate at Hempstead, L. I., recently went on strike because they were not furnished

with new rubber boots. What they should have done was to work on and then sue for damages because of resultant rheumatic attacks, chilblains, and other unpleasant things.

Fifty persons in Elkhart, Ind., recently heard a sermon delivered through telephones. This is truly a forward step for the Christian religion. Just imagine how nice it will be to smoke your cigar and sip your hot toddy while at the same time you remain faithful to the mandates of the Good Book and keep the Sabbath holy. And you can go to sleep, too, and the preacher will never know it—unless he hears you snore.

The "most unkindest" cut of all the cuts which



Photo by Eddowes.  
**DOTTIE GOODYEAR**  
 In two dots. Her wonderful hat cost \$500 per foot and her gown sixty cents per inch. Question: What was the total cost of the gown?

the Rev. Mr. Shelden introduced in his Christian newspaper at Topeka, Kan., was to report the staff to quit the use of tobacco, cigarettes and strong drink during the entire period of his regime. Now how did they ever get out the paper! Truly, 'tis a untathomable mystery.



## ★ The Meddler ★

A sweet girl vaudeviolinist, in her pure white muslin gown and heavenly blue sash, moralizing upon the great problems of human existence, lays grave emphasis upon the fact that life is



LILLIAN HARRIS AND  
MAY PAGE.

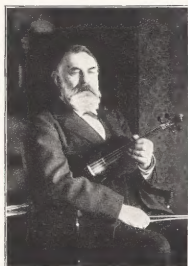
Of "The Rogers Bros." in Wall Street" company, Miss Harris is showing what she will do when summer comes again, while the diminutive Miss Page enacts the easy role of the only man at the sea shore. She is seated upon an improvised pulpit, but that doesn't make her a preacher, does it?

long and life is earnest. But after she has crossed the threshold separating her school days from the cares and responsibilities of womanhood, she finds that the years go spinning by as if they were so many telegraph poles viewed from the window of a belated express train trying to catch up to schedule time. As a matter of fact life is exceedingly short, even to those of us who go the full distance before the grim reaper takes a swipe of the scythe in our direction.

It seems but yesterday that the woe favorites of our stage were in the first flout of youth and beauty, and it is something of a shock to suddenly awaken to a realization that they are the mothers of statuesque daughters and stalwart sons. They may keep themselves young in spirits and youthful in appearance, but they cannot prevent their offspring from growing old. The women of the stage lead lives that are hard and exacting, but the one who does not preserve her figure, her elasticity and her good looks, is the rare exception. Here is May Irwin, as cheery and

radiant as in the early song and dance phase of her professional career, and yet she is the mother of a couple of strapping boys, one of whom is already preparing for a naval career. And there is May Robson, the central figure of a current burlesque, who was not long ago perturbed in spirit because one of her children made a runaway match. Marie Wainwright, who never looked more fascinating

even when she was one of the seven Julets wooed in a single night by the lusty Romeo from Australia, George Rignold, at Booth's old theater, is the mother of one of the prettiest and cleverest of the younger brood of soubrettes. Nellie McHenry, still a hilarious fun maker, although her



DR. JOSEPH JOACHIM.

Who, according to a recent report, was to become the husband of Melba. But the great diva denied the story and thereby spared the venerable doctor much embarrassment. He is several years beyond fifty.



Photo by Falk.

TOD SLOAN.

Late angel of De Wolf Hopper's venture in England, but now come back to earth. It cost him \$22,000, and Sloan is now in England settling up. He is announced to ride Eugene Leigh's filly, *May Hemstead*, in the Metropolitan Handicap at Morris Park, May 5. This will be his first appearance on an American track in two years.

male associates of the Salisbury Troubadour era have grown gray and infirm, has a boy with his eye on West Point, and a popular dialect comedienne is

(Continued on p. 5.)



AN EXHIBITION OF AGILITY

By one of the best of Broadway's chorus girls. These poor down-trodden creatures are not permitted to do as they please when they appear before the public, because the stars might get jealous and that wouldn't do at all, would it? But when the girls find themselves all alone behind the scenes, they do cut up to their heart's content. Can you blame them?

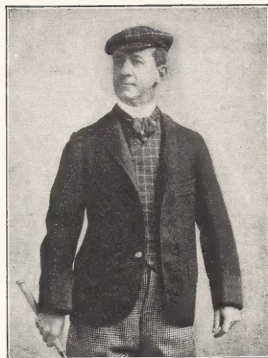


Photo by Falk.

WILLIAM H. CRANE.

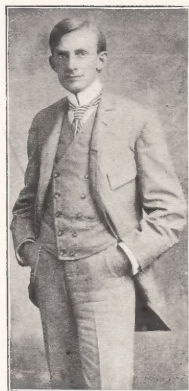
A Minneapolis brokerage firm has brought suit against Mr. Crane to recover \$2,261, with interest and commissions, asserting that Mr. Crane gave an order for stock and afterwards directed them to sell it out at the loss mentioned. Mr. Crane will fight the case. He is known to be a wealthy man, notwithstanding the fact that for the past couple of seasons he has not scored any decided success with his new productions.



Photo by Sarony.

ETHEL BARRYMORE

Is a very fortunate young woman. Nature gave her a good name, a fair face and form, and now Charles Frohman announces that he will continue the good work by starring Miss Barrymore in a new play next season.



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK.

One of the "Three Little Lambs," now on tour. He has written a new musical comedy, and will bring it out next season. Marie Cahill, also with the "Three Little Lambs" aggregation, has a part in Mr. Hitchcock's play.



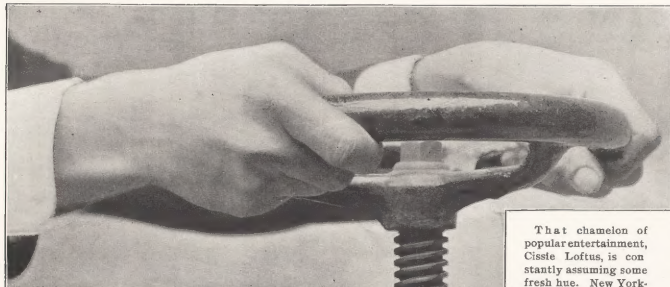
### THEY DO SUCH THINGS ON THE BOWERY!

THESE FOUR DAMSELS HAVE APPARENTLY BEEN A-SLUMMING, AND ARE FEELING PRETTY WELL. AT THE JUNCTION OF THE BOWERY AND THIRD AVENUE, NEAR THE SENATE COOPER UNION, THEY MET AN ANCIENT ORGAN-GRINDER, AND HE CONSENTED TO FURNISH THE BAG-TIME FOR AN IMPROMPTU CAKE-WALKING CONTEST.



often accompanied down Broadway by a strapping six footer whom she is proud to introduce as her son. One of the prettiest of the chorus girl divinities of a brief decade

mothers of to-day will be buying birthday mugs, napkin rings and other presents for the grandchildren of the future.



BONNIE MACINN.

Saying "Ta ta" to her friends, whose pictures are not given, because of the shocked expressions on their faces. Miss Macinn is one of the most attractive girls in Weber and Fields' company.

That chameleon of popular entertainment, Cissie Loftus, is constantly assuming some fresh hue. New Yorkers are a faddish lot and when the slim slip of a girl in her virginal white gown began her career as a mimic, they seized upon her with avidity as a new sensation, and her salary went sailing upward to a height quite disproportionate to her own skill as an impersonator. The imagination is always a powerful factor, when an artist is giving imita-



Copyright by Rockwood.

MAY BUCKLEY

Has been very successful with her role in "Hearts Are Trumps," Charles Frohman's great drama now being performed at the Garden Theater.

ago, and still in the front line, is the doting mamma of a fine youngster about due to graduate from a military academy up the Hudson. There is a big manly chap at Yale, who never reads of a popular emotional actress without a little thrill of pride and affection, for she is his mother. And so it goes. Almost before we realize it the young stage



### HARD PRESSED.

SHE CALLED UPON AN OLD FRIEND AT HIS BROKERAGE OFFICE DOWN TOWN, AND THE NAUGHTY GIRL CUT UP SUCH CURIOUS CAPERS AROUND THE PLACE THAT THE CLERKS ALL LAID OFF WORK AND VOLUNTARILY ATTACHED THEMSELVES TO HER COURT. THIS, OF COURSE, ANNOYED THE BUSINESS MAN, AND OUR PICTURE SHOWS HOW HE PUNISHED HER. BUT SHE SEEMS RATHER TO ENJOY IT, DOESN'T SHE? GUESS SHE'S USED TO IT.

Three Scenes from the Dramas Presented at the Biliou Theater by a Troupe of Japanese Performers. The stars are Ojiro Kawakami, Said to be the Foremost Actor in Japan, and His Wife, Sada Yacco.



no moss is trite but true. Meantime the maternal Loftus, the mercurial Marie, is pegging away at one thing and maintaining her English popularity as a music hall singer. At her benefit in Glasgow the other night the canny Scots, little given to extravagance of sentiment or expression broke the local record by sending twenty-five elaborate floral tributes to her across the footlights. It is bitter to be master or mistress of one trade than Jack of all.

Society's spasm of virtue concerning Mrs. Langtry strikingly resembles an aggravated attack

tions of somebody else, and Miss Loftus was always sure of much injudicious and indiscriminate applause. Still, she had a modest and magnetic personality, and in her artless and ingenious way revealed a genius for self-advertisement that helped her along amazingly. Versatility is a dangerous thing to trifle with, however, and Cissie has not added fresh leaves to her laurel wreath during the past month, when she has ambitiously assailed comic opera and Shakespearian comedy. The old adage about the rolling stone that gathers



of wind colic. Whatever Mrs. Langtry may have done she has done openly and above board, while some of the queer society birds who peck at her are masquerading in borrowed plumes of chastity and exemplary private character. One of the grand dames who frowningly set her face against the somewhat passe Jersey beauty and exerted all her influence to thwart her semi-social ambitions in connection with the Sherry function, is quite







## CHASTISING A NAUGHTY GIRL.

They caught her flirting with the manager of the company, and as this is against the rules adopted by the Yenkers Convention of Chorus Girls, she is now undergoing the ceremony of forfeiture.



Photo by Sarony.

## ISABELLE EVESON.

Resigned her position as leading lady of the Imperial Stock Company, of St. Louis, rather than play the leading role in a dramatization of "Sapho." Her place, it is said, has been taken by Victory Bateman.

notorious for the little indiscretions which are no secret in her chosen set. It was this stern censor who took a disadvantage of her husband's absence to surreptitiously entertain a dashing young leader of cotillions in her own boudoir until two hours past midnight. After she had stealthily given him exit she stood peering through the front curtains to note whether he was observed, and was shocked beyond expression at what she witnessed. One of her maid servants came up the street with an honest young plumber to whom

she was engaged to be married and with whom she had attended a little social party on the East Side. In parting from her affianced at the foot of the front steps this shameless creature kissed the young man good night. Next morning she was summoned to the boudoir of her scandalized mistress, and after being lectured upon the enormity of her offence was discharged without a reference. To the cynical person there

is always something immensely diverting about the situation when the society pots commence calling the theatrical kettles black.

Congress should make a special appropriation for the purchase of medals of honor, with which to embellish the hearts of the loyal American chorus girls in '04. From



## THE SIAMESE TWINS A-SAILING.

By simply using their nether appendages as wings, these high fliers are enabled to propel themselves through whole oceans of gaiety. Ballet girls, of course.

Broadway to Tokio." Some of the little Cookney shrimps who constitute the "Pony Ballet" were in high dudgeon the other night because they learned that the management was about to deport them back to the London slums. They manifested their rage and displeasure by stamping and spitting upon the tiny American flags which they carry in one of the ballets. Thereupon the spirited native born chorus ladies fell upon them, with kicks and cuffs until they cried for mercy and abjectly apologized for their insult to the starry emblem of freedom. Love of country is as strong in the heart of a true New York chorus girl, as it is

EDITH POTTER.

## THE STROLLER.

I understand that our friends the chorus girls contemplate holding a convention in Madison Square Garden. Just what grievances chorus girls have to trouble them is a mystery to me. I know them only as hard working, honest, brave and merry. Perhaps it is ambition which is consuming them, and they want to boycott Richard Harlow as a first step toward removing the obstacles which beset their path. But, candidly, I think the wine bill will be the most serious proposition at the convention. Talk about French balls!

ADELAIDE MANN.

in the hearts of the sturdy Boer fraus and frauilens battling in the trenches by the side of husbands, brothers and sweethearts against the British invasion.

THE  
MADDLER.

### A Poser.

"He! he!" the cross-roads orator screamed, "who puts his hand to the plough must not turn back."

"What's he to do when he gets to the end of the furrer?" asked the auditor in blue-green overalls.



EDNA MAY.

Photo by Schloss.  
IDA CONQUEST.Photo by Purdy.  
GERTRUDE QUINLAN.

### SOME STARS NOW IN THE ASCENDANT.

Miss Conquest is touring the western cities in John Drew's "The Tyranny of Tears" company. Miss Potter shines in "The Rounders" company which is scheduled for a London appearance. Isabel Percival is just rising above the horizon, and is coming fast. Adelaide Mann is one of the scintillating orbs of the "Why Smith Left Home" company, now at the Grand Opera House. Miss May will appear in London next season in a new play. Gertrude Quinlan plays the soubrette role in the productions of the Castle Square Opera company.

They are not a marker to the style and the abundance of entertainment that a bunch of chorus girls are capable of furnishing. And, when you think of it, what would the French Ball do without that faithful contingent which represents the stage at those annual cork-popping matches in the Garden? A Chorus girls' convention ought to be a shrieking success. By all means have it.

How  
really demo-  
cratic wine is.





Photo by Schloss.

ROSE CLARK,

Of the "Mam'selle 'Awkins" company, is a very naughty girl. Once upon a time she bought a whole lot of jewels and forgot to pay for them. The hard hearted jeweler has now brought suit against Miss Clark to recover the amount due him. Now, how could the poor girl pay for jewelry when, as you may observe, she is so andly in need of the bare necessities of life—clothes, for instance?



CYNTHIA BROOKE,  
A member of Charles  
Frohman's London Stock  
company. She has played  
with Wyndham, Alex-  
ander and Tree, and is  
quite a favorite on the  
other side of the briny  
deep. Miss Brooke is  
the wife of Fred G. La-  
tham, business manager  
of the Maurice Grau  
Opera company.



Photo by Schloss.

MARION GARDNER.

You remember, in your history of  
the Revolution, how brave were Ma-  
rion's men? But this is a different  
Marion, of course.

The other night I came  
across three well-to-do  
artists—members of  
families which are New

"Jack and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water—



York's best—actually pow-  
wowing with a waiter in  
Pabst's place on upper  
Broadway. They evident-  
ly had been down to the  
Bijou to see the Japanese  
drama. I surmised this  
from their peculiarity of  
speech and the strange  
gestures they made with  
their legs. In fact, only  
the waiter was able to un-  
derstand them. Perhaps  
he belonged to the same  
fraternity at college. At  
any rate, upon hearing  
them utter anything, the  
man moved swiftly off and  
when he returned he was  
always heavily laden with  
large bottles. This seem-  
ed to satisfy the three



Photo by Schloss.

ALMA CUNNINGHAM

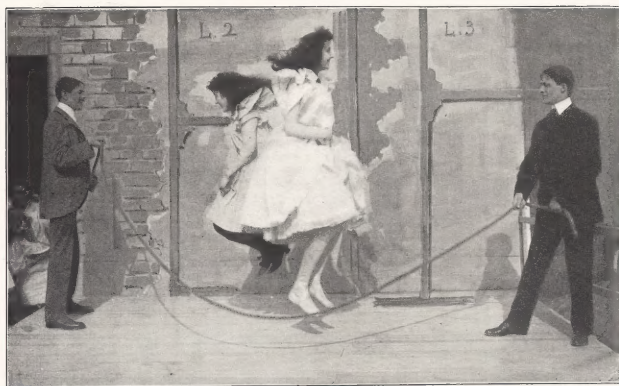
Showing how well dressed she  
can be if she only tries. And  
it's all paid for, too. Mind that.

young gentlemen,  
for they im-  
mediately fell to with  
great gusto and  
glee. I confess I  
was somewhat  
shocked when  
upon their arising  
to depart, the hap-  
py triumvirate,  
each in his turn,  
clapped the waiter  
to his bosom, gurg-  
ling soft words



"Jack fell down, and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after."

## PICTORIAL STORY OF A FAMOUS CATASTROPHE.



#### HOW THEY KEEP IN TRAINING.

It is the custom in some theaters to have the ladies of the chorus keep in form through constant gymnastic exercise. For this purpose two good looking young men are employed to assist the athletes in their work. Any person desiring the position of instructor should send in their real names and photographs to 174 STANDARD, care of Department of Philanthropy.



#### VIOLET JEWELL.

Proving to the world at large that she can turn her back upon it and still be attractive. Violet is now in the Weber & Fields' bunch of beauties.



Photo by Chickering.

#### MARGUERITE SYLVA,

She recently resigned from the "Mam'selle 'Awkins" company, now on the boards at the Victoria Theater. According to a recent report, she will star next season in a new play.

into his ear meanwhile. It was very affectionate, and moved even my biased soul. Those arms perchance the very preceding eve had pressed the fair form of some coy young debutante of our Four Hundred! Each in his turn, they hugged him, and then made a circuitous exit through three doors, each man taking the door nearest at hand when he struck the wall. There was no scandal about it, of course; it was all very inspiring and very encouraging to one who believes in the theory of the brotherhood of man. And it hurt me to overhear a very unkind remark from the waiter, spoken after his three friends had cuddled up in a cab and were gone. He smoothed down his garments and brushed the debris there-

from; then with deep fervor he exclaimed: "Thank God, they didn't kiss me!"



I said something last week about the perils that befall modest maidenhood on Broadway after dark. I also suggested that the "L" stations afforded an excellent haven of refuge for such as were in danger. Now I want to call your attention to the fact that the "L" stations are not as well fortified as they



#### HELD UP!

They will not rob her, of course. It is only a little bit of chorus girl deviltry. Wonder what will happen if they drop her? The probabilities are that she will strike the floor.





ERIC HOPE.

(Earl of Yarmouth.)

He left England because the people over there are foolish enough to expect the nobility to pay their debts. Upon reaching here he went on the stage, but it seems his income was not equal to his outgo, and several suits to recover odd sums have been recently brought. The dear Earl's papa and mamma are now in this country, trying to convince him that he'd better mend his ways and be a good boy again.

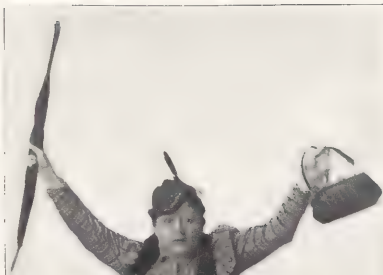


Photo by Schloss.

CATHERINE EARL

Is a pretty girl, and a competent actress, too.

tions proper should be constructed so as to better with stand a siege. The towers should be made bomb proof and there should be a closed passage way to some good mission house in the vicinity. For us aforesaid, nothing would be more convenient than some connecting arch from the "L" station at Thirty-third street to Trainers on the corner. There the refu-



PHOTO BY SCHLOSS, N.Y.

## JOSIE SADLER.

IN HER FAMOUS SPECIALTY: "WHAT HO, SUE BUWPS?" MISS SADLER, IT IS SAID, HAS SENT IN HER NAME FOR THE KIBALTY BEAUTY CONTEST. BUT—ALL JESTING ASIDE—JOSIE SADLER IS A LARGE CHUNK OF THAT "SALT OF EARTH" WE HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT, AND WE LIKE HER.

should be and I hope that Mr. Sage will remedy the defect. If he does not I shall cease from saying vind things about him. Every "L" station should have a regularly organised moat

and a drawbridge manned by Mrs. Grannis, Lydia Pinkham and others who can be relied upon always to do their duty when the cry of the afflicted goes up to them. Then, again, the sta-

gees could calm their troubled nerves with the balm of Sir Lipton's tea or—anything else. By all means, improve the defenses on the "L" station.

(Continued on page 14.)



**A MARCH DAY ON BROADWAY DURING THE MATINEE HOUR.**

THIS MONTH UNDOUBTEDLY IS THE NAUGHTIEST ONE OF THE ENTIRE TWELVE. THE LIBERTY-BELL IT TAKES WITH OUR DEAR GIRLS WOULD SHOCK EVEN THE HARD, CALLIDUS MODESTY OF A MAN CLERK IN A LADIES' SHOE ESTABLISHMENT. FROM GRACE CHURCH ALL THE WAY TO LONG ACRES SQUARE, MARCH MAKES HAVE A CLEAN SWEEP AND WHEN THEY GET DOWN TO WORK THE WORLD IS MADE BRIGHTER AND MORE BEAUTIFUL BY AN EVER-CHANGING DISPLAY OF FINELY VARIATED HOSE AND IMMACULATE LINGERIE. MARCH IS THE BAD BOY OF THE YEAR.





### PLAYING "BULL IN THE RING."

DURING A PERFORMANCE THE GIRLS ALWAYS MANAGE TO FIND A FEW MOMENTS WHEN THEY CAN INDULGE IN THE INNOCENT SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD. AT SUCH TIMES AS THESE, NO MEN ARE ALLOWED WITHIN REFRIGIUM OF THE PERFORMANCE. THE MANAGER HAS SAID: THIS RULE WITH THE VIEW OF ALLOWING THE GIRLS ALL POSSIBLE FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT.



tion. The public demands it

In a few days Broadway will be as dead as Coney Island is at present. When the great lights in front of the theater are darkened and the myriads of moths which of a winter night is wont to buzz merrily about, are flown to other scenes, then will it be sad to stroll along the greatest of all thoroughfares. There is something really pathetic in this coming and going of the Broadway season. To one who, night in and night out, for many months has been borne along with the crowd through the gay mazes of the Tenderloin this near approach of summer is truly a chilly prospect.



A married couple in Pittsburg, Pa., have separated because of a baby. Not that they didn't want the baby, of course; they, in fact, wanted it badly. But the husband called for a boy and the wife prayed for a girl. The wife—as is usual with women—had her way. So the man in the case got real angry and went forth in a rage. And still some mortals persist in getting into trouble! It is a terrible warning.

A case of smallpox has resulted from a kiss committed by two residents of Perry, Oklahoma. Alas and alack! One by one the pleasures of this life are departing from us!

A woman in a Peep"  
(Continued on p. 15.)



### THREE UNOBSTRUCTED VIEWS OF MAY HOWARD,

SHE IS KNOWN AS THE "QUEEN OF BURLESQUE," AND HAS RULED SO LONG THAT ALL THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG PRETENDERS TO THE THRONE HAVE ALREADY LOST ALL HOPE THAT SHE WILL EVER GIVE THEM A CHANCE.



THE WAR DANCE OF THE BOTTLE TRIBE.

This is probably the strangest custom of this peculiar race. They get together behind the scenes in some theater, and after drafting a proclamation setting forth their intentions, they bar all doors to prevent the sudden entry of the stage manager, and begin the interesting ceremony. The bottles are first emptied, so that the load may be more easily carried. Try it some time—if you can find the proper kind of Indian.



Photo by Fach.

BURR MCINTOSH.

Who recently resigned from Nat. C. Goodwin's company, has been engaged by the Frank Mayo estate to take up an early tour in the principal role of "Tudd'n-head Wilson." He is now in San Francisco, preparing. Mr. McIntosh has previously distinguished himself as a war correspondent and as a lecturer upon the subject of what he saw.



NINE FLAMES! WHO WILL BE THE MOTH?

SIMPLY A FEW OF THE PRETTY GIRLS IN THE CHORUS OF "THE ROGERS BROTHERS' IN WALL STREET" ORGANIZATION. YOU WILL OBSERVE THE VARIETY OF COSTUMES WORN, BUT THAT IS NOTHING COMPARED TO THE VARIETY OF THE ENTERTAINMENT THEY ARE CAPABLE OF FURNISHING.





Photo by Schloss.

MABEL FENTON.

She resigned from the Weber & Field's company because she did not like the part assigned her in "Sapolo," the new burlesque on dancers.

sylvania town had been speechless for several years. The other day she came across a mouse and, woman-like, she screamed and swore a hard swear. And then her husband, hearing her, went and killed the mouse. The brute!

New York has just "cleaned house," so to speak. The "dens of vice" have all been closed and will remain closed — unless the wind blows back the dirt.

It is well for the modern author that the police officials are not strongly addicted to literature.—THE STROLLER.

"Ma," said Mrs. Kindheart's youngster, "I do hate bread with holes in it."

"Do you, dear?" responded the amiable lady. "Well, you needn't eat the holes, then—leave them."



BELLE ROBINSON.

Heavily armed for an assault upon the bores who occupy front seats. With Belle, the engagement is not "sharp and decisive." She prolongs it to the limit.

## A Promising Pupli.

A little girl who had just entered school lately jubilantly announced to her father that she did better than all the girls above her in the arithmetic class and went to the top.

"That was smart of you," said he, encouragingly. "How was it?"

"Well, you see, Miss Maggie asked the girl at the top how much was 8 and 5, and she didn't know and said 12; then the next girl said 9, and the next one said 11, and the next 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go up top. Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said the father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it! Nobody said 13."



LA LISKA.

Her recent illness, according to report, makes it almost impossible for her to appear again before the public. She was one of the cleverest of our dancers.



"SQUEEZE IT, DORA, SQUEEZE IT!"

THERE MAY BE A DROP OR SO LEFT, AND IF THERE IS, YOU CAN WAGER YOUR TRUNK THAT SHE WILL GET IT—NOT THE TRUNK, OF COURSE, BUT THE WINK.



Mme. de Stael was angry with the Count de Choiseul for witty stings and sarcasms of which he had made her the subject. Once the two enemies met in a drawing room. Mme. de Stael and the Count greeted each other on account of the laws of politeness.

"We have not seen each other for a long time," said she.

"Oh, madam," replied he, "I have been ill!"

"Have you?"

"I thought I was poisoned!"

"Alas! Perhaps you had bitten your tongue!" This terrible cut fell like a thunder-bolt on the Count, so famous for his slanders and scandals. He bowed low, and withdrew, unable to reply a word.



Photo by Winter.  
CHANNEZ IMOGENE HUNTING-TON OLNEY.

A cousin of the former Attorney General and Secretary of State, was recently married to Henry Kolcar, of the Indianapolis Stock Company. Think of it! Chaneez-Imogene-Huntington-Olney. That ought to be able to draw any Kolcar. Let us hope the coupling won't break.

Photos by Chickering.

PAULA EDWARDS.

She will play her original role in the next season's tour of "A Runaway Girl," which the late Augustin Daly brought out at his theater last season. Miss Edwards this season appeared in the preliminary performance of the "Mam'selle Awkins" company, but she resigned from the cast to make room for Josephine Hall during the metropolitan run of the piece.

She is one of the most respected of contemporary women of the stage.



WASH DAY BEHIND THE SCENES.

CORA HAD BEEN VERY FOULY ALL THE EVENING. SHE WAS CONTINUALLY COMPLAINING ABOUT THE HARDSHIPS OF WINTER, AND WISHING THAT IT WERE SUMMER AGAIN. SO THE GIRLS CAPTURED HER AND ARE NOW ENGAGED IN GIVING HER A TASTE OF THE SAD SEA WAVES. SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO MIND IT A BIT, DOES SHE?



Photo by Chickering.

MADGE LESSING.

She has taken the place of Mabel Gilman in "The Rounders" company, and is now playing the part of Priscilla.



## IN THE DARK.

BY DAHL L. DORFAR.

At last the day is done. Was there ever such another—a day so long, so miserably gloomy—my wedding day! "Too happy is the bride whom the rain falls on!" To-day not rain alone, but sleet and snow has fallen. Everyone looked gray and careworn, dear little Mater especially, with her little nose red with sniffing tears. And that woman's face? How it gleamed at me in the sea of faces around the church door, like a veritable mask of death, save for the wonderful scorn

ful eyes—a story lurks in those eyes—they haunt me with their agony and pity, for pity too shone on me in spite of the scorn. How disturbed father was because I involuntarily paused to look at her again.

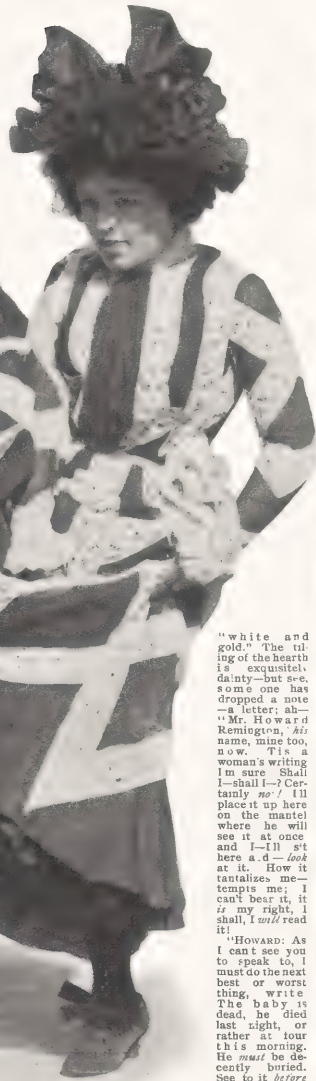
Then the ceremony! Formal, oppressive, stifling, with all its punctilious conventionalities. And now, here I am at last, in a strange city, in a fashionable and glariously fine hotel.

My head aches and my heart. Oh, foolish, foolish girl, to even admit of possible heart ache on your wedding day. Why, haven't you married a "million"? Haven't you stolen or won (all's fair, you know, in love) the "prize" in the sea-son's marriage market? Aren't you the envy of all envious, observed from coast to coast because of your "beauty" portrayed in the cities' papers? And your husband, is he not all he should be, a veritable "fictional hero" in fact, hand some, courteous and loving?

Ah, yes, yes to everything. I'll turn on the lights and quit this dreary window view. There, that is better, how beautiful the room is even in its glaring

## SHE HAS JUST KICKED A MAN OFF THE PAGE.

HE ASKED HER TO COME OUT TO SUPPER, BUT SHE DECLINED. THEN HE ACCUSED HER OF HAVING CAST HIM ASIDE. AND SHE SIMPLY POUTED PRETTILY AND TOLD HIM TO GO HIS WAY. THEN HE ASKED FOR THE PRESENTS HE HAD GIVEN HER. THEN CAME THE KICK!



OLETTE TYLER.

She is touring in "Phroso," and spends her leisure time in writing another book. The literary folk of both continents are waiting breathlessly.

last to a God I never asked favor of before, but, evidently he Almighty ear was in need another way, or grew conveniently deaf to a prayer from such as I; anyway my boy is dead! And with him has died the little good left in me of life. Existence remains. You and I have parted from him forever, for surely there is a Heaven for innocent children—I or such as we there is as formerly—Hell! I don't reproach you, why should I? I have lived my joys my sorrows perhaps are no greater than they should be. I have eaten, drank, loved and been merry. That tall



JENNIE EDDY.

According to her press agent, she has fallen heir to \$1,000,000. When she gets the money she will start in to reform the stage. Drink a health with her to the good work!



YVETTE GUILBERT.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert narrowly escaped being burned alive lately while asleep in an invalid's chair. The curtains over her apartment in the Avenue de Voltaire, Paris, caught fire. Alarmed by her cries, her attendants rushed in and removed her to a place of safety, after which the fire was extinguished.



They heard a suspicious sound under the sofa. "I wonder what it can be?" cried Flostie. "Maybe a mouse," ventured Bessie. "I think it's our old cat," suggested Dolly. So the three got down on hands and knees, and what do you think they found?

golden-haired he uty, your "cherished 'wife to be where's her joy? Not in our arm, in your loving. Life is hers to-day perhaps, but I think the taste of it is disappointing. Poor thing, her son will find her out too, the sin of gold, that looks out fr. in her very eyes a d from her crown of hair. I can praise her beauty, so you see I am far gone in the road 'hat leads from jealous loving. See we s you for gold, not love, while I—oh, amusing retrospect—! I timed for love! Love's not gold. What a void the world b comes. I'm tired, perhaps because I've forgotten to eat since yesterday morning. Good bye, MAUDIE."

I've read it a'l. The same woman, the one with the ghostly face and gleaming eyes—oh, God, my God! and she as *staring*. It was hunger in those wonderful eyes, hunger



Photo by Sarony.

SADIE MARTINOT.

She will show Chicago what a nice play "Sapho" is. Martin Julian owns the rights of the play for Chicago and adjacent territory and will manage Miss Martinot's tour.

first, then scorn, contempt, *etc.* How well she knew. The "sin of gold"—yes, already it has come home. And *oh*, oh, I shall "go mad." Still, I have made my bed—no, not alone, but with many helpers, all with the jingle of coin in their ears and the yellow haze of gold before their eyes, who they perpetually jingled and held before my own susceptible senses. The bed is mad, what matters? I dare say I shall rest in it as well as in any other—now. *She* had her joy.



Photo by Stern.

ALURTA GALLATIN.

Appearing on the road in a version of "Sapho." Her production was recently barred out of Kalamazoo.

Alas, but I would bear her burdens could I say as much. But my joy—Where? God, and there is—there must be a God, knows

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I have turned out the tell-tale lights, and save for a long white beam that comes through the transom I could not see that fateful letter lying on the hearth—lying as I found it. The door is softly opened, and I hear *his* say somewhat anxiously.

"Been in the dark all this while, Alicia, my love?" And I answer with feigned indifference, "yes." He sees the letter at once and hastily picking it up puts it into his pocket with a scarcely repressed sigh of relief; then he comes toward me with caressing murmurs. I submit to his embraces—my apathy, numbness frightens me.

Think you I lied when I answered "yes to his question? I had been in the dark from the first, and God help me, with the remembrance of that woman's deathlike face and miserable mad eyes with the vision of a little dead child, with the ghostly haunting knowledge of it all, where—where is the light. Tears rise to my eye, but fall back like drops of burning lead into my heart—and *de—be*



Copyright by Chickering.

MINNIE ASILEY.

She is between two fires—David Belasco wants her to sign a contract for five years, while her husband, who is rich and influential, desires that she leave the stage for good and all. Now, what will she do? That is the question which is keeping the world awake nights. She is at present in "The Greek Slave" company.



THE PRINCESS CHIMAY.

She is coming to New York with her gypsy husband, and will appear in vaudeville.

seems content. And yet, who knows, perhaps too in his bed the thorns prick sorely, and the rose leaves are few. Who knows? Like the Persian poet, I feel I would think. "He knows it all—He knows—He knows."

[THE END.]

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MAKING FACES AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THEY THINK SHE CAN'T SEE THEM, BUT SHE'S A CUTE GIRL AND WILL SMILE THEM, EVEN IN THEIR WICKEDNESS. WHAT NICE PICTURES THEY WILL MAKE! IF MAMMA EVER SEES THEM, THERE'LL BE TROUBLE.



## How'd You Like ?

She stood while yet 'twas early dawn  
Close by the open gate;  
Her cheeks were pale, her eyes  
were wan;  
She murmured, "He is late!  
How does he dare to treat me so?  
And after all he's said!  
Ah! here he comes," her eyes grew  
bright,  
And she raised her pretty head,  
And as the laggard came in view  
She cried in tones to freeze,  
"You're getting later every day;  
Three pints this morning, please."



## GETTING THEIR PICTURES "TOOK."

THE MOST CASUAL GLANCE WILL SHOW THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAS NOT GOT THE PROPER FOCUS. POOR GIRL! SHE MAY CATCH THE GIRL IN THE CHAIR, BUT THE EASY-GOING, CREATURE WHO SITS SO CLOSE TO THE FLOOR IS FAR BELOW THE LINE OF VISION. IN OTHER WORDS, SHE IS "OUT OF SIGHT." WHAT DO YOU THINK?



## "SHOO! SHOO! AWAY BAD MAN!"

The "pupils" of the "Aunt Hannah" company use their dainty parasols with good effect. No soldier, however brave, could break their lines of solid formation.



## FOUR WARM BAMBES A-FRANCIN'.

The beauty of this exhibition lies in the fact that the performers are *not* colored; neither were they born that way. They are simply little white angels sent to us, just like sunshine, to brighten and cheer the souls of men mortals.

A distinguished diplomatist from the United States of America, a very genial and sociable being, soon after his arrival in London made the round of the sights—Madame Tussaud's among the number.

"And what do you think of our waxwork exhibition?" asked a friend.

"Well," replied the general, "it struck me as being very like an ordinary English evening party."



## "DO YOU BELONG TO OUR LODGE?"

If you do not, here are the requirements. You must have money. *That* is very important. You must have a disposition to part with that money. You must like wine. You must dote on lobster à la Newburg. And, lastly, you must have *patience*.

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**The Casino Girl.**

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**CHARLES FROHMAN, Manager.**  
**BROTHER OFFICERS,**  
 WITH THE  
**EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY.**  
 Evenings, 8:20. Matinee, Saturday, 2:15

**GARRICK THEATRE.** 35th Street  
 HOYT & MCKEE, near Broadway  
 Lessees. CHARLES FROHMAN  
 Manager  
**WILLIAM GILLETTE**  
 —IN—  
**SHERLOCK HOLMES.**  
 Evenings, 8:10. Matinee, Saturday, 2

**CHARLES FROHMAN'S**  
**CRITERION THEATRE.** Broadway &  
 46th Street  
 (Formerly the Lyric Theatre.)  
**JAS. K. HACKETT**  
 IN  
**The Pride of Jennico.**  
 Evenings, 8:15. Matinee, Saturday, 2:15

**MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.** 24th St.  
 HOYT & MCKEE, E. 7th Ave.  
 Lessees. CHARLES FROHMAN  
 Manager  
**Charles Frohman Production,**  
**CORALIE & CO., Dressmakers**  
 Evenings, 8:15. Matinee, Saturday, 2:15

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**MISS ELLEN TERRY**  
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**HERALD SQUARE THEATRE.** 35th St. &  
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## REMOVAL.

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Lillian Russell, and other stage celebrities, say that Morrison's photographs are the best in the world; and Morrison says that his prices at the new location shall remain as reasonable as ever.

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## That Artless Girl.

Of all the surprises I ever experienced, Fifi Borden gave me the greatest just now. A fortnight ago Fifi came to New York with a trunk packed full of Paris finery, and exactly two francs in money. She went straight to Gay's flat and Gay, after paying her cab and giving her a cocktail, brought her here.



"I'm flat broke, Dell," she said; "but I'm going to work to earn an honest living."

"I'm flat broke, Dell," she said, "but I'm going to work to earn an honest living. No more European luxuries, no more French gowns, no more diamonds—I'm going to try the noble working-girl act for a change."

"That's right," I said, "with your voice and figure



"But the tips she got more than doubled it—her salary."

you can make a lovely success on the stage, and any of the boys will be only too glad to lend you a helping hand until you get an engagement."

"Nothing of the sort," said Fifi. "I don't think the stage is respectable nowadays. What I want is a position in a broker's office. It's easier, and there's more money in it."

Louise brought us some cigarettes and cocktails, and we resolved ourselves then and there into a committee of ways and means.

Gay telephoned the Pliager and I called up Charlie Plier, with the result that we got Fifi the "job" she coveted in short order. Her duties were very simple. She only had to receive Mr. Plier's customers and in-



"Louise brought us some cigarettes and cocktails, and we resolved ourselves then and there into a committee of ways and means."

duce them to give such orders as her employer would tell her he desired to fill. She was a tremendous success. Her stunning figure and chic Paris gowns set all the other women clerks in Wall Street wild with jealousy, and attracted thousands of dollars to Charlie's account. Her salary was small, just the



"She carried a satchel which she proceeded to empty onto my lap."

beggarly pittance of twenty dollars a week, but the tips she got more than doubled it, and she was very happy and satisfied, and was forever preaching Lenten sermons to Gay and myself about the sin of idleness and the grandeur of one's honest bread by the sweat of one's honest brow.

I was looting over my breakfast this noon, when Fifi came rushing in.

She carried a satchel which she proceeded to empty onto my lap, to the great inconvenience of Vivette, my new French bull dog. I gasped, and was howling to

Vivette ran to Louise. That satchel contained five thousand dollars in greenbacks. "For mercy sake, whose is it?" I stammered. "Mine," said Fifi calmly.

"Where on earth did it come from?" I faltered.

"My husband gave it to me," was the untrilled reply. "Your h-h-husband?" I repeated nervously.

"Yes. And now please give me a lot of cocktails. I have been Mrs. Fifi Vandergilt for two years, and I want to get very, very reckless this minute."

Two cocktails and Fifi—foolish, foolish little Fifi—told me the whole truth. Two years ago, while she

was singing in the chorus of *The Frivolity*, she was married to young Vandergilt. It was one of those romantic midnight marriages for which the Frivolity girls have such an amiable weakness. Fifi was a terrible flirt, and, for jealousy, Othello was a cooing dove compared to her husband. The honeymoon was scarcely over before they parted. Fifi was a little idiot about the whole business and



"She was a tremendous success. Her stunning figure and chic Paris gowns set all the other women clerks in Wall Street wild with jealousy."

absolutely refused to accept a penny of the Vandergilt money. She went to Paris and we heard all sorts of picturesque things of her life there, but no one heard from her directly until she appeared at Gay's flat that morning. Even then she kept her own counsel about the Vandergilt affair. This morning, while she was idly watching the ticker in the outer office of Mr. Plier's establishment, who should walk briskly in but her husband.

"I almost fell dead and so did he," she declared, complacently gulping down a third cocktail. "He turned on his heel and vanished, and ten minutes afterward I got a letter with a check for this" (waving her hand airily to-



"When she was singing in the chorus of *The Frivolity* she was married to young Vandergilt."

ward the money my lap). "And a letter telling me he would allow me a thousand a month, if I'd get off Wall Street and behave myself."

Funny, funny little Fifi! Will she ever "behave herself?" I doubt it.

DELL.

## Could Go One Better

Boy on the Fence Yent ought to see the rabbit foot I've got at home. In the Next Yard: That ain't nothin'. My little brother's got a hare-lip.



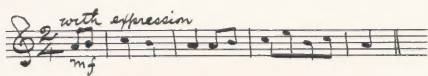
"Ten minutes afterward I got a letter with a check for this."







No—Mlle. de Leon has discarded this heart-breaking melody from Cairo and has adopted the more familiar "Home, Sweet Home" as an accompaniment to her novel dance. The idea! And to think



that through all these years we have claimed Thomas Paine's sweet song as something with which to bring back fond recollections of youth and the lessons that we learned on papa's knee.

